

INERTIA WITH MORE LOWER LEVELS IS THE SPIRIT OF TRADING

Pennsylvania's Action Causes
Apprehension on Market For
Other Stocks of Same Charac-
ter.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—In its essential the stock market continued to traverse ground of the last few days. More minimum prices were registered in shares of investment and speculative values on the list including Canadian Pacific, Baltimore and Ohio, Southern Railway, while United States steel, Southern Pacific repeated their established low quotations of the preceding session in the

opening prices and reflected the same degree of irregularity.

This was followed by rallies carrying the leaders one to two points above yesterday's close. The advance appeared by the result of short covering more than anything else. When the demand in that quarter ceased, the stocks fell back from their inertia. The buying of amalgamated copper and Reading imparted a better under tone, but the closing was heavy and uncertain. The weakness in high priced railway shares was indicated by the reduced dividend declared yesterday by the directors of the Pennsylvania company, with resultant effect that the Pennsylvania railway earnings are causing apprehension respecting the dividend status of other stocks in this class. The declaration of the regular New York Central dividend on its increased capital stock has imparted firmness to the Vanderbilt group. A loss of more than \$10,000,000 in gold in the

interesting feature of the Bank of England's weekly statement. London brokers are said to have expressed disappointment over the terms imposed for the resumption of business on the stock exchange. The local bond market was heavy on a small over-turn. The total transactions, per value, \$1,800,000.

(By L. J. Overlock)
BOSTON, Dec. 24.—The market for foreign selling still dampens enthusiasm and the market is fairly holding its own. Dealing is practically at a standstill and this condition of affairs may continue for some time. We advise investment purchasers but think the situation is too much discouraging to invite speculation either way. All exchanges open Saturday.

PAINE, WEBBER & CO.
NEW YORK
Amalg. 54 1/2
Anacosta 24 1/2

Am. Smelt. 54 1/4
Atch. 30
B. R. T. 84 1/2
B. & O. 67 1/4
C. & O. 39 1/4
Can. Pac. 153 1/2
Erie 21
Gt. Nor. 112 3/4
N. Y. C. & H. 81 3/4
Penna. 103 1/4
Reading 141 1/4
R. I. 1
Sugar 106
Steel 48 1/4
Steel Pfd. 104
St. Paul 85
So. Pac. 81
Union Pac. 114

BOSTON
Alaska 21
Alouette 35
Butte Sup. 32 1/4
C. & H. 350
C. Range 21
Granby 60
Greene 23 1/2
Goldfield 13
Hancock 3 1/2
Indiana 15 3/4
Inspiration 23 1/4
Keweenaw 5 1/2
Lake 17
Maselle 4 1/2
Miami 46
Mohawk 60

N. Butte 21
Nevada 11 1/2
Old Dom. 44
Pheips-Dodge 265
Pond Creek 13
Ray 15
Shannon 43 1/4
Shattuck 18 3/4
Sup. Boston 1 1/2
Utah Cons. 10
Utah Cop. 46 3/4

CURS
Denn 8 1/4
Warren 5
Wolverine 1
New Corn. 3 1/2
Verde 2

HIATT FUNERAL SUNDAY.
The funeral of Dennis Hiatt, which has been twice postponed on account of the failure of arrival of the deceased's brother Ollie Hiatt from Grand Junction, Colorado, will be held from the Palace Undertaking Parlor Saturday afternoon at 1:30. The brother has been detained on account of the extensive flood waters in the section.

NOTICE TO ORANGEMEN.
A special meeting will be held on Dec. 26th at one o'clock. Election of officers. All members are requested to attend.
By order of W. M. U. S. RATTERRUE.

The Babes of Belgium

BY WILL IRWIN

Eighty Thousand Innocents Born
in War—Mothers Scrape Empty
Tin Cans Thrown from German
Camp Kitchens.

TWO or three little pictures before I really begin:
It was the Pas de Calais at the end of October—an October blessed, in this year of dread, with clear, cool, breezing weather, much like our own Indian Summer. Around a turn in the road came a strange, shuffling multitude, doubly strange in that well-ordered landscape.

At the head marched an old woman—a stalwart, straight-backed Flemish woman—vigorous in spite of her sixty years. Beside her walked a boy of not more than twelve, his figure already settling into a peasant solidity. He, like the old woman, carried on his back a bundle of tin cans. And, cradled by the hand of a little girl, not more than six years old—half carried her, since now and then she raised her feet from the ground and let them support her.

BEYOND TEARS.
It was plain to see why she lifted her feet. Her poor little shoes, heavy though they had been in the beginning, were worn clear through. Her clothes and hair were matted with dirt, and her face was gray with the years. She had stopped crying now, she was beyond that. There came the time with all these little boys, young and old, when they get beyond tears.

A MONTH OF FLIGHT.
A dozen of the women at least carried babies in arms who had never survived the miseries of days and days of walking. These were the last of the Belgian refugees to pour into France. They came mainly from that thickly settled, fertile, once prosperous southwestern strip along which Germans and allies have been fighting for the bridge-head of the Yser.

But not all. Some of them—as I learned from the few who had the energy to talk—lived further north. A month before they had fled from the German advance after the capture of Antwerp; and they had been fighting ever since—slipping in the fields through rain and sleet, eating what bread of charity Heaven ever knew.

BAKE BORN IN TENT.
The tale of the procession, I found, had halted at a crossroads beside which some one had erected a tent from blankets strung on sticks. As I approached, wondering what this might be, an automobile came whizzing down the road at seventy miles an hour—there are no speed laws for military automobiles in time of war. It stopped beside the tent, threw out a parley and a man in uniform came from the car. He was a Belgian, wearing a red cross on his arm.

"What is it—what is happening?" I asked the first of the refugees who came to the tent. The man who crunched in the gutter.
"On enfant—a baby is being born," he said briefly. The man in uniform was a Belgian surgeon, waiting for the work of repairing death to assist in giving life.

Again: It was the next day in Calais—Calais, once so busy and so venerable, and in spots so pretty, but now faded and dirty with the presence of armies. Ten thousand of the refugees came into Calais that day. That day, also, the Red Cross was bringing in Belgian wounded by the thousand—there had been serious fighting along the Yser.

HERDED ON THE PIER.
The refugees, herded or escorted by the police, streamed down the streets to the concentration yards prepared for them on the docks of the French Government, which was going to transport them to the Mial as soon as it could get the steamers. You would hear now and then the foot of an automobile horn, and the refugees would make way for the passage of a motor-car loaded to capacity with the white-faced wounded. The car would go on, and the refugees would close their eyes and resume their weary, nerveless pace.
At the concentration yards they sat in family groups, the children huddled about their mothers and grand-

mothers like chickens around home. No child among them laughed or played; they were too weary for that, but no child cried. I was trying to have speech with these refugees, and finding them too nervous to give any account of their adventures when an ambulance arrived.

NO MILK; BABIES DIE.
A nurse and a physician descended. A woman rose from a distant group and joined them. She carried in her arms a bundle wrapped in rags. The infant of her back showed that the bundle contained a child—there in an attitude of motherhood which none can mistake.

"What is it?" I asked.
"For a time none of the women answered. Then one spoke in a dead tone.
"Her baby is dead," she said. "She had no milk in her."

It was the same story over and over again. The mothers were so reduced by privation and illness, and so much of their time as for milk, it was not to be had for any money.

MILK FROM CABBAGE.
Add to the picture, without omitting an American from Belgium. He should be hearing of the bank door of a German cook camp, watching a group of Belgian women, who, through the troughs piled up behind the camp, all faces were turned toward the kitchen.

"What are they doing?" he asked a German soldier who was standing up at the entrance.
"They are waiting for the milk," said the soldier, "but they have no money to get milk. I have seen them run their fingers round a can which looked as bright as a new coin, and hold it up to the light, and then they go away."

A MOTHER COLLAPSES.
Here is another recent picture from Belgium. It is a picture of a city, really city to old times—the city whose smiling people called it Paris. The scene is the once busy, pleasant boulevard of the city. A woman is slumped on a bench set along the sidewalk after the fashion of the Greater Paris. In her arms is a baby.

A child slumped along clinging to her breast. The woman's face is pale and rigid, and in the very center of her forehead, where the white, shaggy hair of the mother's head is, there is a small, dark, round spot. It is a mark of death. The woman is dead. The child is still clinging to her breast, and the mother's face is still pale and rigid.

NO FOOD FOR TWO DAYS.
To the face of the mother comes a few patches of color. She slowly rises, and she is able to eat a bit of bread. The baby opens its mouth, and it is dead. It has not fed since two days. The mother will never see the child again.

The mother tries to rise from the bench but she cannot. The child is still clinging to her breast, and the mother's face is still pale and rigid. The child is still clinging to her breast, and the mother's face is still pale and rigid.

France and England and Germany and Austria are sending their lists of the dead, which are mounting up day by day to a ghastly total. But these lists are only the wrong of the young men who have died in the fight. They do not take account of the more non-combatants. There is not the women who, isolated or ignominiously stuck to their homes, have died under the shell-fire of enemies or friends. They do not list the weak and helpless who have dropped out from the ghastly caravan of refugees to perish along the roads.

No Strong Men in Fugitive Army.
Babe Born in Tent—America Attempts to Supply Quarter Ration.

who are beginning to die by hunger in stripes. B. G. and. And finally they do not list those babes of Belgium, dropping off beside their lives have fairly burst, because there is no milk. BABES MUST HAVE MILK.

Let us view the situation in cold blood. Belgium is "off" from the world-ringed with steel. Her own food supply was used up long ago, either by the people or by their captors. The cattle were first of all taken even in August I saw the German soldiers with their rifles for rations, and now up there, but they are the exception.

The supply of so-called milk ran out long ago. No milk is a necessity to most of the children between the ages of one and two years. Some children, it is true, will thrive on other food, but the majority of them will not. The children who are left are the exception.

Every woman knows that a child who is not getting enough to eat will not thrive. The children who are left are the exception. The children who are left are the exception. The children who are left are the exception.

BUN AND CABBAGE SOUP.
In many, if not in most Belgian cities, the regulations have been issued by the municipal authorities. In some places the authorities have been able to supplement that ration by one bowl of cabbage soup a day. One bun and one bowl of cabbage soup a day—for a nursing mother!

Yet that is all they have and all they will have this winter at the best. America can do. The American Commission hopes at last to receive an answer of food a day to each inhabitant of Belgium—and to do that the people of the United States must send every possible quantity of clothing, food, and especially for a nursing mother, because plain when one leaves the average intelligence of Greater New York, one can see for a two ounces of food a day. The next the mothers of Belgium can hope for is a quarter ration this winter.

80,000 INNOCENTS.
Even allowing for the reduction of the birth rate due to the war, there must have been forty thousand births in Belgium since the Germans came. There will be forty thousand more in this winter of hardship and privation. How many of the newly arrived forty thousand have already died unnecessarily—unnecessarily, using victims of this war—no one will ever know.

How many of the coming forty thousand will die this winter depends upon us in America—upon how much food we send to the nursing mothers, how much milk to the babies.

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY.
No Christmas in our time has brought such a call for the Christmas spirit as this. Belgium is starving. America is trying to feed the Belgians. The best we can do is to give them quarter rations this winter—just enough to keep body and body together. We cannot do even that unless every American helps.

A barrel of flour will pull two Belgian souls through this winter. A case of condensed milk will save the lives of three Belgian children. A few tons of meat will give a nursing mother the strength to keep her child alive. Think of that when you sit down to your Christmas dinner.

Many organizations are soliciting food and funds. If there is one in your community, join it. If there is none, start one. The Committee for Relief in Belgium, No. 1 Broadway, New York, will tell you how to go to work.

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